

Fantasy RPG setting

Item	Description tone 1 (humorous)	Description tone 2 (descriptive; playful)
Talunfern pye	<i>Crisp, golden, and spelled with a 'y'. Because they're fancie.</i>	<i>Pools of raspberry jam catch your eye and feather-light pastry makes you sigh.</i>
Hlæfdige of puddings	<i>Bakers of Rubyholde guard this recipe with their lives. Too bad it only tastes ok.</i>	<i>A queenly pudding of jam and sponge, crowned with sweet, scorched egg whites.</i>
Dubious stew	<i>Made from the bits scraped off the floor. Sticks to your ribs. Not in a good way.</i>	<i>Chunks of carrot and gristle float unwillingly in this mysterious and murky gumbo.</i>
Very purple wine	<i>A passable vintage, tangy with notes of berries, cherry blossom, and feet.</i>	<i>An... accessible bottle of plonk with acceptable floral notes, crafted by the winemakers of the Ishann Valley.</i>
Rancid steak	<i>A choice cut of Saltplains cow, though they'd probably deny any relation now.</i>	<i>Once-tender flesh has yielded to its inevitable decay. Really makes you think. Or shudder.</i>
Garlic	<i>Your breath will floor a banshee. Worth it, though.</i>	<i>These pungent bulbs are grown in the alkaline soil of Aro and devoured across Nasaaeil.</i>
Red apple	<i>Your teeth tingle at the thought of cracking its ruby-red skin. Excitement. Bliss.</i>	<i>Its ruby skin gleams like the Embyrvale sunsets that grew it.</i>
Moonbeam Mead	<i>Even mead-hating Mōnans guzzle this brew, so strong are its ties to the Moon Master.</i>	<i>A Mōnan speciality, infused with waxing phlox when the Moon Master's gaze is at its brightest.</i>
Saltsoak weed	<i>Sweet and squeaky, it smells like a trawlerman's galoshes. But unpleasant.</i>	<i>A powerful weed that grows by the rockpools, rich in the Ocean Master Olessa's touch.</i>
Saltsoak solution	<i>The foetid whiff of saltsoak wafting from this little vial is unmistakable.</i>	<i>A little vial of clear liquid, steeped in Olessa the Ocean Master's power. A few drops will have you "speaking to the sea".</i>
Teapot	<i>Short and stout. Just like they promised.</i>	<i>The fine Dravaihl paintwork has survived the years of use its chips and scratches betray.</i>
Leather jerkin	<i>You don't think you look like a jerk in this, which is all that counts.</i>	<i>The leather of this jacket is flaking and cracked from years weathering Silvershore's storms.</i>
Pointed mage hat	<i>The choice of witches, wizards, and those who dig the traffic-cone look the morning after.</i>	<i>Complete with point and a wide brim, perfect for sagely peering.</i>
Spiffing boater hat	<i>Tip-top tailored twine, with absolutely no biggods nonsense about it.</i>	<i>This swish skimmer won't save you from a skewering, but you'll avert an unadorned bean. Which is far worse.</i>
Makeshift knife	<i>Bodged together from scraps, it's crude but sharp as a... well, one of these.</i>	<i>Not much making or shifting has gone into this basic blade, but its edge still cuts deep.</i>
Conker on a string	<i>Sworn enemy of litigious parents.</i>	<i>This hardened conker tied with twine is the bane of the playground. Tried and true foe of bullies and goblins alike.</i>

Post-disaster action-adventure game setting

Item	Description tone 1 (playful)	Description tone 2 (descriptive)
Tinned cane-bread	Soft and tooth-achingly sweet, this stuff keeps Watchers sane up on the decks.	Soft, sweetened bread stuffed into little square tins. Keeps for months on the Icetide.
Frostfruit	Berries don't thrive on the Icetide. Which is why these bitter little currants barely qualify.	Hardy, plump, and wincingly tart. One of the only berries to survive the freeze.
Tide-salt butter	So salty it makes your lips pucker. Great on potatoes, though.	Churned from Arborra elk milk and packed with salt harvested from the plains.
Jerky	More something to do with your mouth than actual food.	Strips of Arborra elk meat, dried, salted, and rationed. For long nights up on the decks.
Arborrun mess	If you close your eyes, you can pretend this mixture of elk fat, stale cane-bread, and frostfruit is the dessert of your childhood. You can try, anyway.	One of many pleasures Icetiders tried to reclaim after the freeze, made of whipped elk fat, stale bread, and frostfruit.
Hag's eye gin	It's probably just an olive, but it's staring at you all the same.	A real eye might improve the flavour of this sour spirit infused with wind-dried herbs.
Filtered water	The rust on the filters is probably worse than the silvershale they're supposed to strip out.	Icetide water has to be stripped of silvershale deposits before it's safe to drink.
Silvershale compass	Points at the freeze's ground zero, deep in the Haglands. Morals not included.	Watchers never stray far, so this is more of an accessory than a necessity.
Ritual knife	Age has robbed this dagger of its lick, but a sharp jab might still do it.	A ceremonial dirk, studded with a milky green stone you don't recognise.
Neck wrap and hood	A wrood. Or a hrap. The best of both, woven from scratchy marsh-wool dyed green.	Woven from slightly brittle marsh-wool, this hooded scarf is scratchy but protects Hags from the frost.
Watchers' gloves	'A Hag missed is a problem doubled'. Or something like that.	Waxed and close-stitched for trigger-happy fingers.
Watchers' knife	Short, sharp, and to the point.	Sharp and leather-handled, for gutting Hags and stags alike.
Silvershale rounds	You've got to spend it to make it.	Invented by Watchers, these pellets of crude silvershale pack a lethal punch.
Waxed rope	A crude weapon for a Watcher in a pinch.	This treated length of twine is for traversing neglected decks, but Watchers have used it for less savoury ends when needed.
Silvershale shard	It might run out one day, but for now possibility seems to shimmer in its seams.	The source of Icetiders' survival, powering everything from furnaces to ferries.
Elk-hide coat	So warm, you feel bad for the elk.	Worn all year round by Icetiders, big and small.